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·LIFE·



A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR THE GIRL WHO MARRIES A UTAH WIDOWER.

Cupid's Moving-Day.

HE came a-tapping soft, one May,
At Chloris's tender heart,
And said he fancied that he'd stay
If she with room could part;
She listened to his joyous din,
But would not stop to let him in,
Suspecting what the rogue was at—
'Twas Cupid looking for a flat!

And other maiden landlords smiled
And beckoned to the boy,
Who sulked and pouted, unbeguiled
By all their promised joy;
He wanted quarters up to date,
And heeded not the hour was late,
But stood and cried at Chloris's door—
In fact, I am afraid he swore.

He raved; his tears in torrents fell,
A most unhappy love,
And vowed he liked the place so well
He'd never, never move.
But Chloris said that wouldn't do,
She knew his promise rife,
He'd have to get a backer who
Would take a lease for life!



BIRDS will BE BIRDS.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIII. MAY 4, 1899. No. 858.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS, who can take first-rate care of themselves at sea, often need looking after ashore, as witness the case of Captain Coghlan of the *Raleigh*. It is too bad about Captain Coghlan; too bad, in particular, that, where his discretion fell short, his hosts and friends could not have protected him. He is not a prudent speaker, and never has been, but has a record to the contrary. Discretion is not his specialty, but what he said at the Union League Club dinner about the Germans at Manila should not have been printed in the newspapers, nor should the song about the Emperor which he recited at the Army and Navy Club have got into print as coming from him. A club is a private place; a club dinner is a private dinner at which a guest ought to be able to relieve his mind. Captain Coghlan seems to have been ambushed. He would hardly have told to a newspaper reporter the story he told at the Union League; he would not have recited in public the song he recited at the Army and Navy. His stories and his song were not out of place in private company, but as the public utterances of the Captain of the *Raleigh* to the world they were monstrously ill-considered.

Captain Coghlan has, inadvertently, done a good deal of mischief, but LIFE does not blame him for it half so much as it blames his entertainers, who led him on to free his mind for their edification, and then let him be served up in print the next morning.

If we owe the Germans an apology, let it be made by the Union League Club and the Army and Navy Club, and let

those organizations half-mast their flags and go without grog for a month, because they allowed the confidence of their guest to be abused.



INASMUCH as the average American reader has a very limited knowledge of the true inwardness of the existing complications in Samoa, LIFE prints on another page of this issue a letter on that subject from a correspondent who, at least, is thoroughly familiar with the islands and their people, and desires intensely that justice may be done them. The letter must speak for itself. It deals with rivalries and jealousies as to the merits of which LIFE has no accurate knowledge. It may be a one-sided statement, but, even if it is, it helps to make plain how complicated the Samoan situation is, and how exceedingly unfortunate it is for the islanders to have their affairs dominated by three great Powers the representatives of which are constantly at odds. The people who have by far the biggest stake in Samoa are the Samoans. Our interest there is not very important; Germany's still less important; England's not great; but for the Samoans, the maintenance of peace and good government in the islands is a matter of life and death.

LIFE's correspondent avers that the American Chief Justice in Samoa is unfit for his job; that the German Consul, in upholding Mataafa, is on the side of the King whom the great majority of the Samoans prefer, and that missionary rivalries are at the bottom of all the trouble. It is probably the first time that the friends of the Samoans and the German representative there have ever found themselves on the same side.

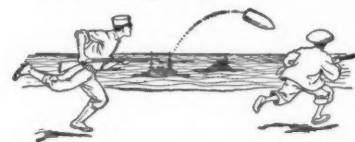
A Joint High Commission has sailed from San Francisco with full powers to set Samoan matters to rights. Let us hope that it is a good commission, and that the gentlemen who compose it may be able to fix matters up so that the poor Samoans may have a fair chance for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They are kindly, gentle people, who win the affections of the good white people who know them. It is a thousand pities that they should suffer because three great Powers can't agree about how to manage them.



AND so Speaker Reed is coming to live in New York and earn a bit of surplus money in the law business, against the day when he may want to quit work! There are a good many Americans who regard Mr. Reed as the foremost man in public life in this country, and who, in view of his great usefulness in his present place, regret with moans that he is to leave it. It is certainly a pity that a man who is fit to be in Congress, and has had twenty years of experience there, and could stay in Congress as long as he chose, should not continue there. It is a great loss to the country to have Mr. Reed leave the Speaker's chair, but, after all, he cannot be blamed for throwing up his job. He has wrought long and ably at it, but for at least a year he has been out of sympathy with the chief policies of the Administration, and has had to acquiesce in measures which he did not like. Small blame to him if he does not find his labors in Washington congenial enough or important enough to warrant him in sticking to them.

Mr. Reed likes to have fun. There is a good deal of fun to be had in New York, and many more opportunities for having it will be offered to him than he can improve. He will be very welcome here.

Some persons speak of his coming here as a farewell to public life, but that seems premature. New York is nearer Washington than Maine is, and, even though Mr. Reed comes to a big town, he won't get lost.



AS to the Philippines, simple profanity seems more timely and a greater relief just now than discussion. The Philippines Commission is on the spot, and ought to be able to give the Administration sound advice as to its policy.

Pending the successful application of brains and statesmanship to the Philippines question, the fighting apparently, must go on.



"YOUNG MAN, I DISTINCTLY HEARD YOU KISSING MY DAUGHTER."
 "CAN YOU SWEAR TO THAT?"
 "WELL, ALMOST."
 "SUPPOSE YOU GO OUT AGAIN, SIR, AND MAKE SURE."

The Upward Flight.

THE American people just at present are getting some valuable information concerning Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin. Items in the newspapers keep us tolerably well posted. We know that Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin came over, and that they soon return to reside permanently in England. This is natural on their part, as they married their only daughter to a British nobleman of high degree, and the American Four Hundred,

judged by fashionable standards, bear the same relation to the British aristocracy as celluloid to ivory. Therefore it is not for us to blame Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin for turning their backs upon their native country. According to their lights and aspirations, they are steering the noblest course. If they can achieve the real, why dally with the imitation?

While our native Four Hundred will never excite a permanent enthusiasm at home, we see no reason why they should not become a useful body from which to develop happy mothers-in-law for foreign noblemen in straitened circumstances.



• LIFE •

To the Spring Poet.

COME, lilt us a lilt of the merry May!
If your pipes are clogged, write a
roundelay,
Or even a bitterly humorous lay
Of the tenant who moves on the first of
May.

And forget not to rail at the van-man bold,
Whose soul to the devil must have been
sold,
By the way he mangles the furniture old
Of the tenant who moves on the first of
May.

And jeer at the painting and papering men
Who promise to finish their work, and
then
Get drunk and never are seen again
By the tenant who moves on the first of
May.

And let not your muse be utterly dumb
When it comes to describing the pains
that come
From the tack-hammer into the awkward
thumb
Of the tenant who moves on the first of
May.

So lilt us a lilt, and lilt us, pray,
Of something other than meadows gay;
Lilt of the woes of the unfortunate jay,
The tenant who moves on the first of
May.

M. S. James.

MR. JOHN S. SARGENT is the latest distinguished gentleman who has had the privilege of reading his obituary in the American newspapers. It was a relief to find that Mr. Sargeant wasn't dead, for he owes us years of good work yet. But it is an annoyance to have one's feelings torn up and one's regrets wasted by false death notices, which the relief which comes with denials does not atone for. When the death of an eminent living contemporary is announced without his consent, some one ought to get hurt.

In the Afternoon.



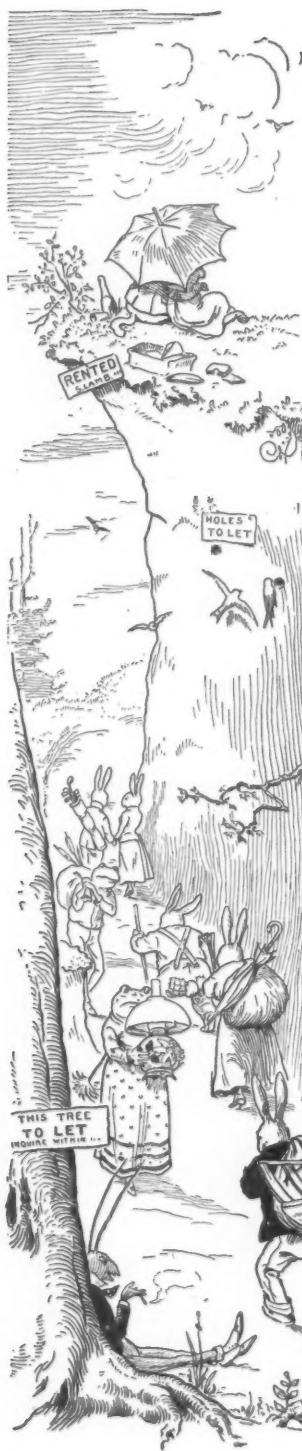
TRASKE smiled somewhat grimly as he re-read the letter written on creamy paper, heavy and crested, in the great sprawling, angular hand that is the fashion for women. And in the old, gushing, sentimental style of her girlhood she had written: "I want to speak with you of

*those old days when life promised so much. Call in the afternoon at four on Thursday, if you will."

Traske remembered well when even the sight of that handwriting used to thrill him. That was when life promised so much. What a neat way of putting it, he thought. How like a woman, and how like her it was to sentimentalize over disillusion for which she alone was responsible.

It all came back to him, a wave from memory's salt sea, and he smiled to think that he had once imagined the loss of her would kill him. The first bitterness of losing her—the slow forgetting—when she had gone abroad with her husband; the gradual awakening to other interests, and then the time when her face was forgotten, her voice and her tricks of speech—those troublesome ghosts—had ceased to haunt him.

And now she had returned—a widow, rich, young, beautiful, ready to summon him to her feet like a slave. He had seen her driving on the avenue, transformed from the girl he had known to a





SPRING REFLECTIONS.

"I WONDER IF I'M TO BE HITCHED TO THAT SILVER-TONGUED THING AGAIN NEXT YEAR?"

radiantly beautiful woman. If she had only been pale, sad, broken-hearted, he might have forgiven her.

As it was, he hated her for what she had taken from his life—his faith in woman, his beliefs, his boyhood's ideals! He wished, as he thought of it all, that he could make her suffer for all she had made him lose. He commenced to think of some way in which he might show her cruelly that she had no place in his thoughts or his life. And she thought she could whistle him back like this! Ha, ha!

He remembered one night that no one knew of but him, after she had gone away, when his boyish heartbreak had spent itself in a burst of hysterical, womanish tears. He had always had a contempt for himself for that. He wished that it was in his power to make her shed tears as bitter as those. He thought that he would brutally ignore her letter; but no, that would not hurt a woman such as she.

He picked the sheet of paper from the table and read it again. How well he remembered that writing! That had not changed. What pages recklessly sweet she had written him! And he—ha, ha! He wondered if she had those letters yet.

"In the afternoon at four on Thursday." A drift of violet—the scent of spring—came up from the paper, and he remembered, and his hand trembled. Then he heard himself laugh. It had just occurred to him—this was Thursday afternoon, and it was just after three. Then he told his man to call a cab.

Kate Masterson.

NEWELL LITTLE: Is this wireless telegraphy practicable?
NEWSOME MOORE: Why, sure! The yellow journals used it all through the late war.



"BOYS, BOYS, FOR SHAME! WHY DON'T YOU SHARE YOUR COOKIES WITH YOUR LITTLE SISTER?"
"AW, DON'T GET EXCITED. WE'RE FORMIN' A TRUST."

Modern Martyrs.

SPEAKING of Nero, sighed she: "How
Much better hath our new world grown!
Think of live men to fierce beasts thrown
As food, by Cæsar's orders, now!"

"Oh, no!" he said. "A simpler game
Is all our modern Cæsar needs;
By contract, he embalmed beasts feeds
To men. 'Tis sure death, just the same!"

— Mary S. Paden.



RUBBING IT IN.

Real Estate Agent: A FINE PLACE, AND A SPLENDID ONE
FOR A GOLF COURSE, SIR. DOES YOUR FAMILY PLAY GOLF?

Prospective Buyer: DOES MY FAMILY PLAY GOLF! MY TWO
SONS AT SCHOOL HAVE WON ALL THE INTERCOLLEGIATE
CHAMPIONSHIPS, MY DAUGHTER WINS ALL THE WOMEN'S
HANDICAPS, MY WIFE IS OUT ON THE LINKS EVERY MORNING
BEFORE BREAKFAST, MY WIFE'S MOTHER HAS BROKEN ALL
THE CLUB RECORDS, AND THE VERY FIRST WORD MY BABY
LEARNED TO SAY WAS "FORE." DOES MY FAMILY PLAY
GOLF! IF YOU CAN SHOW ME A PIECE OF PROPERTY WITH
NO POSSIBLE HAZARDS, NO BUNKERS, NOTHING BUT ROCKS,
WOODS AND WATER, I'M YOUR MAN!

BOBBY: Say, Popsy, what's political economy?
"Never to buy any more votes than you absolutely
need."

MRS. WITHERBY: Have you any change? I'm
going down town to buy a hat.

WITHERBY: Here are some hundred-dollar bills.
They are all the small change I happen to have.

BOOKISHNESS

A Story of the London Slums.

RICHARD WHITEING is a skillful London journalist and leader writer who has made a close study of social and economic questions. He has embodied some of his conclusions in a novel, "No. 5 John Street" (Century Co.). The hero does in the story what Mr. Wyckoff did in real life—he leaves his comfortable quarters to live in a four-storied hovel in the heart of a slum, "on half-a-crown a day, and to earn it." There is nothing dramatic in the tale, but it is interesting because of the characters depleted and the human nature revealed. They are all a little bit intense, but, then, poverty and toil are not a gay combination. The author has a very serious purpose in view, and he does not jest with it. His slum is not inhabited by vagabonds, but by several grades of hard-working people. Tilda, the flower-girl Amazon, is heroic in her efforts to do her duty to those immediately around her. She is devoted to little Nance, who is the victim of slow poisoning in a modern factory.

What Mr. Whiteing is driving at is to show by his story that all the evils of No. 5 John Street have their origin in the selfishness at the other end of the social and industrial scale. Nance is poisoned to earn dividends for the great corporation of which the eminent Sir Marmaduke is chairman. "A hundred Nances have died to make one day's triumph for a queen of Hurlingham or a queen of the Row. . . . And all so needless, even for gain. The swamps might be as gardens, the factories as halls of Hygeia, if we would only make up our minds to give Nance and the niggers a little of their due."

The remedy to which the author points is a great spiritualized Democracy—"Democracy must get rid of the natural man of each for



THE NINEVEH MILLIONAIRES' CLUB.

"LEND A HAND HERE, WILL YOU? THE VISITORS' ALBUM HAS FALLEN ON ALALAZZAR."



SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.
GEMINI.

himself and have a new birth into the spiritual man, the ideal self of each for all." Which is another version of Altruria as dreamed by Mr. Howells.

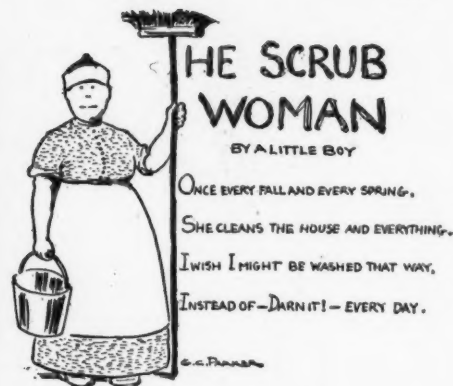
There is a pertinent word on Imperialism at the end—as true for us as for England: "So we may extend our empire till it eats up the planet; it will be no

cure for this sore of selfishness at its heart. . . . We cannot give better than we have, and we must search our hearts deeply to feel sure that we are equal to the high mission of putting others to death for their own good."

What is the use of worrying about Aguinaldo seven thousand miles away, when we have Croker in New York?



THE USUAL MAY-DAY CELEBRATION.



THERE have been many stories written to give the "romance of journalism"—which pictures what the youthful reporter would like the outsider to think his business is. But seldom has anyone had the nerve to tell the truth about it. Jesso Lynch Williams has tried to do this in "The Stolen Story and Other Newspaper Stories" (Scribner).

It is difficult for a newspaper man to disillusionize himself about his business; it may make him suffer, and work like a slave, and give him small reward, and throw him out into the street at the whim of an autocrat; but it is fascinating. It comes as near to a life of adventure as a poor man can get in times of peace. It gives a young man a sense of power without capital, knowledge without experience, a grasp of large affairs on a very small salary.

Mr. Williams has shown the fascination of it to a born reporter like *Billy Woods*. The news instinct, like the art instinct, finds its reward in the glory of the chase. At its best it is a rare sport; at its worst it is brutal, heartless, dishonest.

Like all other sports, it demands sacrifices. If your business is to track down the unusual and abnormal things of life (which is what the bulk of news is), then you must sacrifice many of those finer instincts which flourish on what is normal and conventional. If you want to kill big game you must expect to shed blood.

In the closing story, "The Old Reporter," the author shows what the business did for *Billy Woods*. All reporters don't go down hill that way, but many a good man does. If you rack your nerves by work under high pressure, an alcoholic stimulant offers tempting and immediate relief.

This is not, however, a volume of moral essays on journalism; it is first and last a collection of stories, told in a compressed, rapid style that carries you along with something of the zest that took possession of *Billy Woods* when he was on the track of a "beat." The men act as real newspaper men do in emergencies—with intelligence, alertness, and a marvelous command of their faculties.

Droch.



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THE EDUCATION

THE AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION AT SIR HUMPHRY PL



THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

XXIX.

SIR HUMPHRY PLUMINGTON'S RELATES CHIEFLY TO THE APPROACHING DERBY.



An International Exchange of Girls.

IN other days and other climes the rulers of friendly nations were wont to send to each other gifts of beautiful female slaves as tokens of amity. The lively swapping of more or less lovely chorus girls between New York and London may therefore be taken as proof positive that the Anglo-American Alliance is an established fact. England started

the game with a liberal consignment of Gaiety girls, and we retorted in kind with a mixed lot of Casino young women. "Have at you!" says John Bull, with the result that, last week, what was formerly Mr. Hammerstein's Olympia re-opened with a bevy of high-kicking beauty from London, the like of which, in quantity, comeliness and agility of limb, New York has never seen.

The girl was, therefore, the main feature of the show. Beginning

with the days of "The Black Crook," ballets of more or less pretentiousness have been seen in New York, but never any that so nearly approached the European standard as this. We have had a sort of ballet in connection with grand opera, and everyone remembers the futile efforts of the Kiralfys to give ballet with cast-off *secondes* as *premières*, backed up with regiments and brigades of gaudily-decked denizens of Baxter Street and the Bowery for *coryphées* and *figurantes*. In the Continental sense, this present dancing is not true ballet, for it tells no story and has no star dancers, but it meets both the Continental and the London idea in so far as its characteristic feature is the aggregation of a large number of young and pretty women who have had some training in using their limbs gracefully, and who are effectively costumed and artistically grouped in their dances.

Outside of the ballet and one scene, which is more stupendous and gorgeous than tasteful, there is little to distinguish "The Man in the Moon" from many other mediocre attractions New York has seen. There is considerable dialogue, in which the tragic humor of Mr. Louis Harrison and Mr. Stanislaus Stange is fatally interpreted by the deadly acting of Mr. Sam Bernard. Why such things are permitted in New York is a proper subject of investigation for the Mazet Committee, or anyone else interested in the correction of municipal abuses. Miss Marie Dressler has a part of no especial value, and with some very coarse lines. Miss Dressler has ability

and originality, but she makes a mistake to let herself be pitted against Mabel Fenton of the Weber and Fields's company as an imitator of Miss Allen and Mrs. Carter.

A feature of the entertainment is Miss Louie Freear, especially imported from the English music halls. She is a female imitator of Mr. Albert Chevalier, and attempts to do for the London

LIFE'S ELIXIR.



One bottle of your **Vinum Marijanum** did me a world of good after my fall from the apple tree.—Eva.



I suffered for years with *cramp*, and nothing did me any good until I tried **Vinum Marijanum**.—Diogenes.



THE ELOPEMENT.
MARS AND COLUMBIA.

"slavey" what he has done for the London coster. She is clever and amusing, but is introduced too often. Her attempts at imitations of melodramatic acting are too heavily British, and should be cut out.

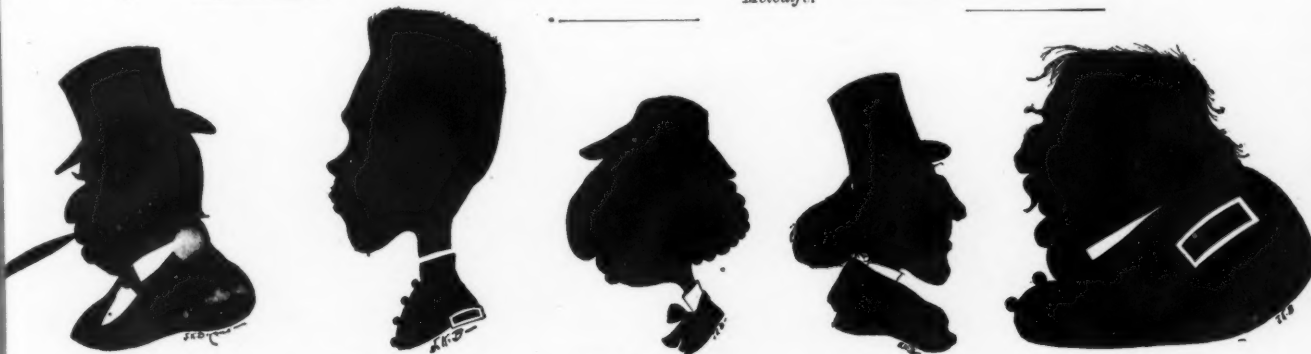
The music of "The Man in the Moon" is hackneyed and commonplace throughout, and was, therefore, a fit accompaniment to what by courtesy might be called the libretto. Notwithstanding this, "The Man in the Moon" is capable of being condensed and improved into an attractive entertainment. All that is necessary would be to retain the ballets and choruses, keep

Miss Freear within limits, give Miss Dresler some decent material to work with, and get some real comedians.

THE re-opening of the Olympia is a blessing to upper Broadway, which has missed its electric lights. The theatre itself is a handsome and commodious one, after the inadequate entrance is passed. But the reckless crowding of its aisles on the occasion of its opening, and the disregard thereby shown for the safety of human life, was a disgrace to its management and to the New York Fire Department.

Metcalf.

SECRETARY ALGER HAS RESIGNED himself to remaining in President McKinley's Cabinet. In spite of the great and good Secretary's strenuous efforts to relieve himself from a job which is both repugnant to his sense of integrity and far beneath his abilities as a statesman, President McKinley has made it convincingly clear to him that the best interests of the United States Army and the canned beef trade require that he retain his office until the next President is elected.



WHO ARE THEY?



"WELL, MAJOR, WHO FILLS THE VACANCY?"

A Futile Effort.

"I HAVE not a moment to lose."

As Witherby whispered these words to himself he hurried off his walking shoes, and, encasing his feet in noiseless felt slippers, stepped softly to the head of the stairs and listened intently. Yes, she was busy in the kitchen. Rapidly going to the linen closet, he opened the door furtively and gazed within. There, amid a ghostly array of bottles, he detected his old enemies, the camphorated oil, turpentine, and Mother Wickenod's sure cure for coughs. There, also, reposed the deadly box of double-strength mustard plasters that, even as he gazed, drew tears to his eyes. With the cool intrepidity of a brave man in the face of danger, Witherby gathered the whole mass of carbolated mixtures, syrups, boxes, bottles and powders into a great paper bag, and, with the training that yet lingered from his days on the baseball field, threw his burden with straight aim out of the back window into the open mouth of a waiting ash-can.

"There," he muttered, triumphantly, "if this cold develops during the night, my wife won't have a chance to try any of these remedies on me."

It was two o'clock in the morning. In spite of his utmost effort, Witherby had sneezed one moment before. Mrs. Witherby, like a white-robed guardian angel, stood instantly at his bedside.

"I knew that cold was coming on," she said, with a joyous, therapeutic sniff.

"Nonsense!" replied Witherby. "Can't a man sneeze? Besides," he added, securely, "there isn't a thing you can do for me. You've tried about everything on me."

"No I haven't," replied Mrs. Witherby, with a glad smile and a brooding-hen manner that boded no good to the victim. "I haven't tried flaxseed. Fortunately, I bought two pounds to-day, and it's downstairs in the kitchen now, and I'll have a red-hot plaster on your chest in ten minutes."



THE DEACON HAS JUST LOST HIS FIFTH WIFE, BUT HE IS NOT DISCOURAGED.

Lo, the Poor Samoan!

A FRIEND and ally of LIFE, who has had very unusual opportunities to learn the truth about Samoa, has written to us the following letter about the present row there:

The fault of all this trouble lies with us; with our sending Mr. Chambers to Samoa. The Samoans have the right under the Berlin treaty to elect their own King, which they did, unanimously, and voted for Mataafa. Then, on account of a protocol to the treaty, that has never been translated into Samoan, Mr. Chambers refused to

recognize him. Mr. Chambers is very religious, even sanctimonious; belongs to the Christian Endeavor Society; organized a Samoan branch of the Band of Hope, and sided with the London Missionary Society (which is at the bottom of all this trouble, though its name has never appeared). They had a boy, an adopted son of Malletoa, whom they put forward as King. If he were on the throne the missionaries would rule supreme in Samoa. The great mass of the Samoan people refuse to have Tanu as King, and will fight till they die for their dearly-loved Mataafa. They have wanted him for King for many years, but, being a law-abiding, obedient people, they have



THE LATEST BOGIE.

"ALGER'LL GIT YER HOOF AND TAIL IF YER DON'T WATCH OUT."

endured Malletoa, and all looked forward to his death to have Mataafa as King. I receive many letters from Samoan people of high position (in their own language), and they are most pathetic. They ask me to please tell the President to take Mr. Chambers away, and there will then be no more fighting. They say, too, that Mr. Chambers and Mr. Rose quarrel continually, and they don't know which of them to obey. Each tells them to do contrary things. Our Samoan newspaper is full of nothing but contempt of court cases before the Chief Justice. The former Chief Justice, Mr. Henry Ide, was there for five years, and never had occasion to hold a trial for contempt, while Chambers does nothing else.

Nobody seems to understand the situation at all, and everybody is surprised when I tell them that there are only eighteen Americans in all Samoa, and that is counting Mormon missionaries, Seventh Day Adventists, two half-caste children and a Swede. The most prominent American there, Mr. Moors, is on Mataafa's side, and is now in prison in his own house, while his hotel, the Tivoli, is mined with dynamite.

You have taken the side of the oppressed, so I am emboldened to write you this letter, which is for the sake of my dear friends, the kindest and best people on the face of the earth, the Samoans.

Yours, etc.,

Proverbial Failure.

"MISS GRAY tried for a position with a collecting agency, but failed."

"What was the objection?"

"A woman's work is never dun"



AN actor who is thoroughly convinced of the vindictiveness of women relates this anecdote in support of his opinion: "I had a woman enemy once. She was leading woman in the company when I was leading man. On the stage we were lovers. Off the stage we didn't even speak when we met. I had a scene with her, in which I had to clasp her in my arms while her head sank on my breast. I wore a frock-coat and a beautiful light satin scarf. And what did that woman do? She used to make up with grease-paint, and when her head sank on my breast she used to rub her cheek against my tie, and—well, a light satin tie with red and grease-paint on it isn't a thing of beauty. I had to buy a new tie for every performance. I stood it five nights, and then another woman told me what to do. I filled my scarf with pins, points out, and when my lady rubbed her damask cheek against my breast that night she looked like a war-map."—*Argonaut*.

EMPERESS ELIZABETH of Austria and her companion were riding one night through the outskirts of Pesth, when they heard the screams of a woman from a rickety hovel. Both leaped from their horses and rushed in, finding, in a villainously dirty room, a huge ruffian of a man dragging a woman about by the hair and kicking her. The Empress laid her heavy hunting-whip about the fellow's face, and, surprised at the assault, he dropped his victim and gaped. The ill-used dame, however, sprang to her feet, and in shrill tones demanded to know what "the huzzies meant by interfering with her husband." The Empress burst into a peal of laughter, and taking from her habit a couple of gold ten-guinea pieces, she handed them to this model benedict, exclaiming, "Beat her, my friend; beat her all she wants. She deserves it for being so loyal to you."—*Exchange*.

A WESTERN paper indulges in a "joke" which we reprint, and which is not without important significance. A newly elected Alderman, conversing with a friend in a street car, remarked that he had been elected by the votes of eight nationalities.

"What are they?" asked his friend.
"Germans, Irish, Polish, English, Italians, French and Greeks."
"But that makes only seven," said the friend. "What was the eighth nationality?"

The Alderman stopped to think, and ran over his list again in vain. "Really," he said, "there was an eighth nationality. What could it have been?"

"Perhaps," suggested a gentleman who was sitting near, "there were some Americans."

"That's it! That's it!" exclaimed the Alderman. "I couldn't think of them to save me!"—*Youth's Companion*.

A WEST SIDE Sunday school class in Chicago had been studying the Old Testament. The youngsters were small but bright, and were deeply interested in the subject. "Jimmy," said the teacher, turning to one of the star pupils, "who was it killed the Philistines?"

"Samson," said Jimmy, without hesitation.
But Walter Smith's hand was raised in an indignant protest. "'Twas not," he declared, without waiting to be asked about it. "Sampson wasn't there at all. It was Schiey."
—*Exchange*.

DURING Kipling's illness Henry James was one night riding home in a cab from his club in London. The news had just come that the crisis was past and the great writer on the road to recovery. As he stepped out on the sidewalk



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY: NEW YORK AND LONDON.

The Philippines and Round About. By Major G. J. Young. husband. \$2.50.

The Maternity of Harriott Wicken. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. \$1.50.

Heart of Min. By George Edward Woodberry. \$1.50.

FARBER AND BROTHERS: NEW YORK AND LONDON.
Danish Fairy and Folk Tales. By J. Christian Bay. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Fur and Feather Tales. By Hamblen Sears. Illustrated. \$1.75.

Ballads, Critical Reviews, Etc. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Illustrated. \$1.75.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS: NEW YORK.

On the Edge of the Empire. By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Leames. \$1.50.

The Scottish Clans and Their Tartans. \$1.00.

Curvatures of the Stage. Drawn by Sewell T. Collins, Jr. Chicago: The Stratford Press.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends. By Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$3.00.

The Professor's Daughter. By Anna Farquhar. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company. \$1.75.

he handed the paper he had bought to the cabman. "Kipling's all right," he said.

The cabman took the paper, and leaned down with a puzzled look on his face. "I don't seem to know the name o' the 'awse," he said.—*Exchange*.

"Now," said Bunker, "I can once more face the world an honest man. The last of my debts is outlawed."

—*Philadelphia North American*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823. WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

DALY'S Every Evening at 8:00.
The Drury Lane Sensational Play,
The Great Ruby.
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

Arnold
Constable & Co.

Imported and city made

Gowns,
Street Dresses,

Lawn and Grenadine Dresses,
Pique and Duck Suits.

Tailor Made Costumes.

Lace and Cloth Capes,
Top Coats and Jackets,
Silk Waists.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

Wool Soap Safety

You can tell by the looks of Wool Soap that it's pure, and you're sure when you use Wool Soap that it's pure. No deception about it. Just pure, white soap, safe and agreeable in TOILET AND BATH. If your dealer doesn't have it, send us his name and we'll send you a cake free

Swift and Company, Makers,
Chicago

Contentment . . .

is not the least of the advantages found in using *Whiting's Papers*. They are always correct—they are above criticism—they always give satisfaction—they are not the cheapest, but they are the best and cheapest in the end. Dainty Monograms with a paper bearing the name of the Whiting Paper Company is a combination pleasing to the eye—gratifying to both sender and receiver.

WHITING PAPER COMPANY,
DESIGNERS OF ART STATIONERY AND PAPER MAKERS,
NEW YORK.

LAST PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR TO WASHINGTON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The last of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally-conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will be run on May 11. The rate, \$14.50 from New York. \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes transportation, hotel accommodations, and Capitol guide fees. An experienced Chaparron will also accompany the party.

For itineraries, tickets and full information apply to ticket agents: Tourist Agent, 1106 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Best Known
and
Known as the Best



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WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 Broadway, New York.

We earnestly request our subscribers to give us a full week's notice of any intended change in their address. Notice of change should reach us by Thursday to affect the issue of the following week.

Under a recent act of Congress, paper mail will not be forwarded to a new address, no matter whether instructions are sent to the local post office or not, unless addressee also sends stamps to that office to prepay cost of re-mailing.

Letters are forwarded without any trouble, but papers must be paid for a second time if they are to be forwarded.

SHAKESPEARE SAID
"GOOD WINE IS A GOOD FAMILIAR
CREATURE."

LET US MAKE YOU FAMILIAR WITH
THE LABEL OF THE BEST GOOD WINE
RUINART CHAMPAGNE



HO! STAND TO YOUR GLASSES STEADY
TIS HERE WE HAVE FOUND A PRIZE.



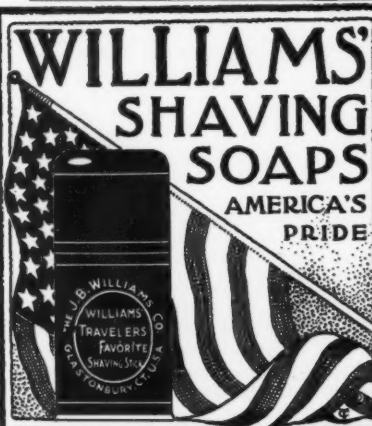
The King can drink the
best of wine,
So can I;
He hath enough when
he would dine,
So have I;
Then where's the differ-
ence, pray tell me,
Between my Lord—the
King—and me?

DON'T SEW ON BUTTONS.



Bachelor's buttons made with im-
proved Washburne Patent Fasteners
— slip on in a jiffy. Press a little lever—
they hold like grim death—but don't
injure the fabric. Instantly released
when desired. By mail, 10 cents
each. Illustrated catalogue, showing
collar buttons and other useful nov-
elties made with these fasteners, free
on request.

American Ring Co.
P. O. Box 58, Waterbury, Conn.



Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent
by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, . . . 25 cents.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, . . . 25 cents.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'),
Six Round Cakes, 1 lb., . . . 40 cents.
Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.
The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
LONDON: 64 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W.C. SYDNEY: 161 CLARENCE ST.

Rambler
BICYCLES
\$40

WE FEEL THAT NOTHING MORE NEED
BE SAID OF 1899 RAMBLERS
Agencies Everywhere

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.
Brooklyn. Detroit. Cincinnati. Buffalo.
Cleveland. London, Eng.

**COLLAR BUTTON
INSURANCE**

GIVEN WITH EVERY

KREMENTZ
One-Piece Collar Button



Made of One Piece of Metal
Without Seam or Joint.....

You get a new one without charge in case of accident
of any kind. Best for ladies' shirt waists and children's
dresses. The Story of a Collar Button gives all par-
ticulars. Postal us for it. All jewelers sell Krementz
buttons.

KREMENTZ & CO., 60 Chestnut St., Newark, N.J.



The Improved
**BOSTON
GARTER**

is an Essential of the
Well-Dressed Man.

ALWAYS EASY
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

THE
Velvet Grip CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—
never slips, tears nor unfastens.

THE NAME "BOSTON GARTER"
is stamped on every loop.

Sold Everywhere

Sample Pair, Silk 50c, Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price

GEO. FROST CO. Makers
Boston, Mass.

Photos

FROM LIFE! MODL STUDIES
for painters and sculptors; beau-
tiful, stereoscopic. Only original
photos!
Price list with 100 miniature and 2
cabinet size photos, 61. Not a stamp
S. RECKNAGE, Nachfolger, Publishers, Munich,
Germany. I. Briefsch.

Comfortable Shoes.
\$4.

Gentlemen's Shoes.
Health-giving Shoes.
Good fitting Shoes.

Shoes that give you character.
Send for Catalogue free.

Ralston Health Shoe Makers,
Campello, Mass.



**OLD
OVERHOLT**

High Standard Pennsyl-
vania Pure Rye Whiskey.
"Bottled in Bond" direct
from the barrel at the
Distillery.

**TINKHAM
TRICYCLES**

Everyone
May Ride



afford all the pleasure and
exercise of bicycling with-
out the nervous strain and
danger. '99 Model weighs
31 pounds.

Tinkham Chair Cycles
also permit invalids to ob-
tain all the exhilarating
effects of driving. The
driving frame can be de-
tached as shown below.

Send for descriptive catalogue.

THE TINKHAM CO.
308-310 West 59th St., New York.

CHAIR CYCLES & PUSH CHAIR



Give Instant
Relief

**JOHNSON'S
DIGESTIVE
TABLETS.**

"Don't go by fast impression," said Uncle Eben.
"Wha'd folks be now ef de man dat diskivered de oystuh
hadn't stopp'd ter pry open de shell?"—Washington Star.

THE VALUE OF UNREMITTING ADVERTISING.

A well-known member of a New York publishing house, in an interesting talk on advertising matters recently, told the following incident, which shows how familiar the general reading public may become with an advertising trademark, when it is used with unremitting vigor:

"I went to the Riviera last winter, and on the homeward passage, coming out of the Mediterranean, I suddenly thought of passing the Rock of Gibraltar. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and quite a party of Americans gathered on the deck to see if the fortress really did look like The Prudential advertisement. We got a splendid view, and the illustration in the advertisement is very like the real thing. We were all a little disappointed, however, that we didn't see 'The Prudential has the Strength of Gibraltar' on the side of the rock, but I presume Her Majesty's Government objected."

Doubtless The Prudential Insurance Company has never requested such permission, but it is evident that the rock and its world-famed fortress has been of vast benefit to that Company in its extensive advertising operations.

APPROPOS of the intolerable slowness of the cabs in Berlin, it is related that a child having been run over by one of them and killed, Mark Twain, who was living in Berlin at the time, exclaimed on hearing of the accident, "What a lingering death!"—*Argonaut*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of Hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

JERRY SIMPSON, the famous "sockless" Congressman, recently addressed the Chicago Single-Tax Club. In the course of his remarks he said: "This government, failing to inculcate a love of liberty in the Filipinos, has concluded to shoot it into them."—*Youth's Companion*.

THE HOTEL "THORND KE," BOSTON, opp the Public Gardens

Has experienced service, perfect cuisine, and modern appointments. European plan.

THEY were admiring the dying glories of the day. "What a splendid sunset!" exclaimed the mother. "Such a beautiful color!"

"Yes, mamma," replied the child, who had enjoyed the advantages of scientific temperance instruction, "it's just the color of a drunkard's stomach."—*Exchange*.

AT THE FEMININE CLUB.

After divers questions which were hastily disposed of, the following proposition offered by the Queen of Elegance, the beautiful Madame V., was voted upon and unanimously carried by all members present: "In future, no lady can be admitted to our club unless she exclusively uses the 'Violettes du Czar' of Oriza-Legrand—to be had of all perfumers and druggists—this perfume being recognized as the most subtle and possessing the greatest amount of fragrance."

JEWELLER: James, set that chronometer in the show window twenty minutes ahead.

JAMES: But it's right already, sir.

"Never mind, you rascal. Can't you see that the watch repairer is idle?"—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

NOTHING is put in Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne to make it ferment; the effervescence is natural; its bouquet unrivaled.

DR. GRUBBY, a physician of Paris, famous for his efforts to protect animals from cruelty, was logical enough to include insects in his mercy. He was, however, a little nervous, and when one day, in his parlor, a big, blue fly buzzed unintercepted on a window-pane, the doctor called his man-servant. "Do me the kindness," said the doctor, "to open the window and carefully put that fly outside."

"But, sir," said the servant, who thought of the drenching the room might get through an open casement, "it is raining hard outside."

The doctor still thought of the fly and not of the cushions. "Oh, is it?" he exclaimed; "then please put the little creature in the waiting-room, and let him stay there until the weather is fair."—*Exchange*.



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the improved. No facts required. To avoid imitations, notice script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.



EGYPT'S PEERLESS CONTRIBUTION TO MODERN LUXURY

NESTOR CIGARETTES

Nearsilk
TRADE MARK
LININGS

25¢ a yard Look like silk and wear better. 25¢ a yard



Solar Carriage Lamps

Burns Acetylene Gas.

Are of real value in actual use. Besides being a signal, they LIGHT ALL THE ROAD. Indispensable for night driving. Just the thing for doctors or for the vehicle you take to the country. Burn Gas. Simple, Safe and Clean.

Price \$9.00 and 15.00 per pair
Send for Catalogue.

Badger Brass Manufacturing Co., Kenosha, Wis.

Limber the Links

Keep the chain on your wheel in perfect condition with

DIXON'S CYCLE CHAIN GRAPHITES

In five styles, stick and paste form. The best lubricant for chains and sprockets. Sold by all dealers.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

"I SAY," said Hewitt to Blewitt, "you don't seem to growl as much as you used to."

"No," quoth Blewitt; "ever since I read the King of Siam had six hundred I have been quite content with my lot."—*Exchange*.

"Don't you ever take a nap in the daytime?"

"No; it's too much trouble to get awake more than once a day."—*Chicago Record*.

THE Keeley Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using. Cure

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

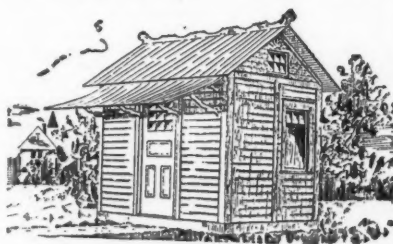


THE RISING GENERATION.

Curate (with pathos): OH! DEAR CHILD, WOULD IT NOT MAKE YOUR POOR FATHER'S HEART BLEED IF HE COULD SEE YOU NOW?

Tommy: YOU CAN JUST BET IT WOULD THAT; THIS IS ONE OF HIS CIGARS.—Fun.

Portable Houses




Buy your children a Play House; your boy can erect it. For particulars write to Mershon & Morley, Saginaw, Mich. We manufacture portable houses for Hunters' Cabins, Summer Resort Cottages, and a dozen other purposes.

MERSHON & MORLEY
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

An Irishman, in order to celebrate the advent of a new era, went out on a little lark. He did not get home until three o'clock in the morning, and was barely in the house before a nurse rushed up and, uncovering a bunch of soft goods, showed him trip'lets. The Irishman looked up at the clock, which said three, then at the three of a kind in the nurse's arms, and said: "O'm not superstitious, but thank hevens that Oi didn't come home at twelve"

—Exchange.

SCIENTIFIC KITES
LATEST CRAZE: ANYBODY CAN FLY THEM
E. I. HORSMAN 380 BROADWAY N.Y.



CHEW
BEEMAN'S
THE ORIGINAL
PEPSIN
GUM
Cures Indigestion
and Sea-Sickness.
All Others are Imitations.

LIFE BINDER,
CHEAP, STRONG AND DURABLE.

Will Hold 26 Numbers.

Mailed to any part of the United States for
\$1.00.

Address Office of "LIFE,"

59 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

1899 = 35th = 1899 Annual Statement OF THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

ASSETS.	
Real Estate, - - - - -	\$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank, - - - - -	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, - - - - -	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due, - - - - -	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security, - - - - -	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies, - - - - -	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums, - - - - -	324,697.95
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies, - - - - -	251,120.97
United States Bonds, - - - - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds, - - - - -	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds, - - - - -	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks, - - - - -	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds, - - - - -	1,462,300.00

Total Assets, - - - - - **\$25,815,442.46**

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, - - - - -	\$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't., - - - - -	1,399,372.80
Present value Installment Life Policies, - - - - -	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers, - - - - -	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment, - - - - -	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance, - - - - -	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc., - - - - -	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department, - - - - -	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, 400,000.00	

Total Liabilities, - - - - - **\$21,209,625.36**

Excess Security to Policy-holders, - - - - - **\$4,105,817.10**

Surplus to Stockholders, - - - - - **\$3,105,817.10**

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force, - - - - -	\$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898, - - - - -	10,087,551.00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - - - -	1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	14,532,869.53

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1898, - - - - -	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid, - - - - -	824,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - - - -	\$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864 - - - - -	22,464,596.75
Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - - - -	\$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

Like Old Glory,



which has braved the battle
and the breeze for more than
a hundred years, so

OLD CROW
RYE,

for about the same time,
stood in the very van of all
whiskeys and has withstood
the assaults of the Goths and
vandals who vainly aspired
to the honor of leader.
Quality will tell.

H. B. KIRK & CO. N. Y.

Are You Interested in California?

See for yourself! If all that is claimed for its climate and opportunities is true.

The Santa Fe Route will make very low round-trip rates in late June and early July, on such liberal conditions that you may see not only California but any other portion of the great West. 24 to 36 hours shorter to Los Angeles than any other route.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.



The guiding star of candy lovers the famous name of Whitman. The excellence of

WHITMAN'S

Chocolates and Confections

is made them famous everywhere. Ask the dealer.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate

perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Satisfaction

There's a world of difference in bicycles. To get all the fun there is in bicycling you must ride the

Waverley Bicycle \$40

built properly in the best equipped factories.

Let us convince you.—Catalogues free,
Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.



He DO YOU REMEMBER THAT BAKELY WHO MARRIED MISS GOLDBY? HE HAS LOST ALL OF HER FORTUNE.
She . WELL, A FOOL AND HIS WIFE'S MONEY ARE SOON PARTED.—Moonshine.

FISH OF ALL KINDS, NO MATTER HOW PREPARED IS MADE PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BY THE USE OF

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.

BEWARE OF MANUFACTURERS WHO ATTEMPT TO SELL A WORTHLESS IMITATION. SEE SIGNATURE.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGTS, NEW YORK.

Tired but cannot sleep:—
A glass before retiring—of

JOHANN HOFF'S

MALT EXTRACT—

Gives Refreshing Slumber.

23d ANNUAL DOG SHOW Westminster Kennel Club



This Show was held in the Madison Square Garden, New York City, on Feb. 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1899.

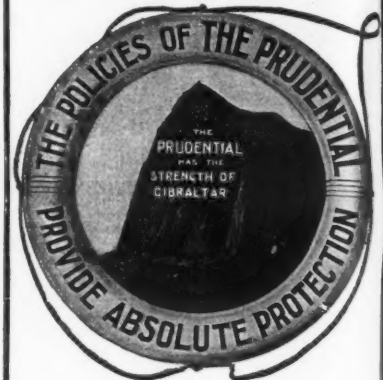
The official publication of this Show is a handsome book of about one hundred and eighty pages, 6½ x 10 inches. The cover is an exquisite design by a famous artist, printed in three colors from half tone plates. There are thirty-five pages of fine illustrations of typical dogs of best known breeds, with articles on their chief characteristics and scales of points for judging.

About ninety-six pages contain names of the dogs entered, with their pedigree and list of prize winnings, and owners' names and addresses.

A "marked" edition of the book is published, which gives the names of the PRIZE WINNERS in all CLASSES. This is a standard book of reference for the dog of 1899, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. Address, LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 19 W. 31st St., N. Y.

PRESS OF THE J. W. PRATT CO., NEW YORK.

The Prudential



As a Life Preserver.

Life Insurance fills a definite, distinct mission. It is a fact that men live longer when they are insured — when they are relieved of the load of anxiety and worry which afflicts the thoughtful man who has failed to protect his family against want and dependence in the future.

Write for full information.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President.

Home Office:
NEWARK, N. J.

RODERICK DHU

THE REAL OLD SCOTCH
M. F. FRAME, Sole Agent, 11 Broadway, N. Y.



LATE OF PARIS AND NEW YORK.

After fifteen years of uninterrupted success as a Ladies' Tailor in New York, Mr. Ernest has opened an extensive establishment at 185 Regent Street, near Conduit Street, London, where he has always on view the latest creations in COATS and GOWNS. Mr. Ernest pays the highest wages in England to his tailors, and thus obtains the finest workmanship.